

Model of a pretty waistband of pistachlo green cloth. The corsage opens down the front over a waistcoat of white frilled mousseline de sole. The opening is edged with embroidery in featherstich and the patterns are repeated on the skirt. The waistband is of pistachlo green Louisine edged with black velvet. The sleeves and neck trimmings are in the same style.

The Law and the Lady.

that can be bought cheaper in England

sails for home. Things are cheaper over there, you know, and I don't see how the customs house inspectors dare to wrangle

over prices when they know only Ameri-can prices. But if a hat is marked in plain figures, 12s 6d, and a gown is

plain figures, 12s 6d, and a gown is ticketed 3g, who can fly in the face of such evidence?

Advertiser," as follows:

Fashion at Longchamps.

A Contrast of Old Styles and Those of Teday.

PARIS, July 7.—The race in Paris is among the most important society functions, and it appears that the devotion to this fashion is a concession to modern taste.

The truth is that the origin of racing goes back to the ancients, who regarded it as honorable to excel in that exercise. Racing was one of the principal features

the mystery and interest attaching to the origin of the new dance that the Austro-Hungarian Consul in London made investigations and discovered that it had been invented ten years before by a Bohemian servant gir in memed Anna Slezak, who used to dance and sing it for the entertainment of her friends on Sunday afternoons. A local musician wrote out the music, and the dance was taken up by the students of the little town (Elbekostelez). But it took five years to get to Prague, the capital, and four years more to reach Vienna, where it met with an enthusiastic reception. A year later, as already stated, it became known to Paris and the world.

Racing was one of the principal features in the games of the stadium among the Greeks and in the games of the circus among the Romans. In the days of the Caesars Rome had jockeys (cursores), trainers (agitators), who wore special colors, like those of the various stables of the present day-white, blue, red, green, purple, and gold. The jockeys were recruited from the slaves, but when the emperors regarded it as an honor to fulfill their functions the great personages of the empire followed the august exam- all kinds of garments and furs and frocks ple, and Rome had her "gentlemen riders." Caligula gave 2,000 sesterces to than in America. Well, the horrid Dinghis trainer. The prizes consisted of med- ley law only allows you to bring \$100 als, cups, and sums of money, to which | worth of things into the country free of were added palms and wreaths, after the duty. Of course, no self-respecting, freewere added palms and wreaths, after the duty. Of course, no self-respecting, free-manner of Greeks. Betting was very born, law-abiding American woman would the blues, I supp "Ha! ha! ha!"

manner of Greeks. Betting was very prevalent and not less extravagant than it is today.

It is probable that the beautiful patrician ladies, so fond of exhibitions of strength and skill, witnessed the equestrences," she continued dreamily. "Why not? Laughter and the continued dreamily. "One woman brought home six hats and nine gowns, and when the custom house like the custom house like the continued dreamily."

"Ha! ha! ha!" "Please don't laugh, the continued dreamily. "One woman brought home six hats and nine gowns, and when the custom house like the law. Neither would she want to pay outy. And as for bribing and smuggling. Perish the thought!

"Why not? Laughter and tears are both like the law. Neither would she want to pay outy. And as for bribing and smuggling. Perish the thought!

"Ha! ha! ha!" "Please don't laugh. Harry."

"Why not? Laughter and tears are both like the law. Neither would she want to pay outy. And as for bribing and smuggling. Perish the thought!

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When, therefore, Louis XVI came to the throne he was much concerned about these violent passions, and resolved to put an end to them by setting an example of wise moderation. Here is a note which is published in the memoirs of Mme. de Genlis: "At the last horse race M. de — lest seven thousand louis; M. le Comte de Z— won six thousand. The King bet one little crown. This is a very mild lesson, in very good taste, on extravagance in betting."
But the fierce revolution adopted sterner means; namely, the absolute suppression of this form of amusement, which continued until Napoleon, conscious of

continued until Napoleon, conscious of the favorable influence of racing in im-proving the breed of horses in France. finally restored the pastime of hors

This is a long preamble to explain the fact that for many years the taste for racing has seized hold on the people. It has, nevertheless, remained an aristocratic sport, and a certain number of days are marked in the records of society with a white stone. The day of the Grand Prix—a race established in 1852—for many years, subsequently decided and artistical subsequently decided. Prix-a race established in 1853-for many years subsequently decided and settled summer fashions. This custom still exists, but the day has become too vulgarized to be still the select day of the year. The carlier meetings have today a superior claim from a fashionable point of view, and to be in the "dernier cri" an original dress must be put on daily.

original dress must be put on daily
I will conclude my weekly gossip by describing some of the sensational dresses
seen last week. But let me first say a few
words respecting the scalety respecting the words respecting the society notices of the Grand Prix in the year 1865, when the triumph of Gladiateur caused such enthu-

"High chignons and false curls vied with each other in the height of scaffolding on the top of which were perched the timest of hats. Crinolines spread out into unmeasured width, and Algerian shawis, which appeared as though embroidered with electric light, softly enveloped the husts of women of fashion." "A little further on we noticed the tightly enveloped figure of Rosa Borbeur with the red ed figure of Rosa Bo heur with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor at her buttonhole," etc. In the year 1871, after the mention of the

to the year iso, after the mention of the nobles' names in a select assembly, I read this: 'Among the costumes there were some very pretty ones; the Ceres costumes were especially noticed; sky blue dresses with hats of italian straw and field poppies. Faille predominates everywhere, with embroidered ornaments. A

where, with embroidered ornaments. A dress of yellow green faille, with a large scarf of scarlet brocade draped over the skirt, attracted much attention."

Does not this clashing of colors make one shudder? Blue faille and popples! Green and scarlet! The supremacy of modern taste is beyond question. Our pastel shades of color, our silks softened by a veiling of musin, our delicate incrustations, our embroidered laces, our soft and fluffy linings, our snowy and furbelowed underlinen attest the refinement belowed underlinen attest the refinement

of our taste.

Another dress is of pompadeur taffeta patterns on a straw colored ground, striped with shaded roses, and embroid-ered round the bottom of the skirt, which is made with groups of small pleats round is made with groups of small pleats round the hips. The corsage is bolero shaped in front and habit shaped behind. It is encrusted with lawn and flowers, cut out of Chantilly lace. The sunshade is com-posed of ribbon and lace on a ground of

# History of the Polka.

peculiar and fashionable dance called the polka does not derive its name from Poland, as many people suppose, says the "New York Commercial-Advertiser." It originated in Bohemia, and its

### A Wedding Anniversary. and How One Twentieth Century

Couple Celebrated It. In the fragrance of a summer twilight they are dining beside an open window, the languidly stirring curtains of yellowish lace showing posteresque glimpses of Fifth Avenue. The band, hidden somewhere behind palms, as a band should be, is playing "Floredora." Occasionally a waiter changes the plates and fills the glasses. They seem not to notice his kindly offices, for their minds are full of other things.

With the Little Neck clams, the woman sighs softly and speaks, her eyes upon the plate. "I hope they are cold-cold as the sum-

mer promises for us." The man sighs, picks out the smallest, of the clams on his plate and holds it toward her lips across the table. She accepts it, laughs and tears brim over her velashes.

"After all," she says, defiantly, "I am glad we have decided to end it. I should never have promised to meet you here except to part from you." "I know, dear, I know. But it's a tough

state of affairs, when life promises so little at best that we must let these infernal notions of prudence-"Prudence! Why, Harry, I am aston-

ished. Not prudence-right. There is a clear line of demarkation and when people who are married step over it they are "Sh- dear! There's no happiness in life anyhow. It's all a mockery!"

The waiter silently serves soft shell crabs and pours a white wine.
"Don't let him forget the lemon," she whispers tragically across the table, so the waiter can hear her. "It's all a game, but one that you nice romen will never learn to play. It is only the heartless ones that win."

'We mustn't speak of her! After all, the's my-"Stop! I won't have you say it! There nust be something more than this life, Harry. We've got to think of that." "It will be a beastly sort of joke on us if there isn't anything to follow."

"The crabs?" "Ha! ha! ha! No, this life, or dream, or whatever you may call it. Ha! ha!

How can you "How can you-laught"

"Er—have some of these cresses; they're so dewy and fresh."

"The spiritual side of things has always appealed to me more than the material. Those cresses are lovely. That's what I always liked about you, Harry. You were al-"Fresh?"

"Like Her!"

"No, so mystic, Don't you remember the night of the thunderstorm, when we first met in that queer ittle summer house of She had just come from abroad, this to the hotel in downpour, and honest little traveler, and her opinion of the Dingley tariff and the "dear" shopkeepers' way of evading it was duly thunder? You said it printed in the "New York Commercial "They are perfectly sweet in London," The waiter she said. "The shopkeepers all sympathize with the poor American woman who green peas and asparis. He pours another wants to take back to her native shores

> "It wouldn't be parting without champagne, you know."
> "It will drive away

ha, ha! A tol."
"The honor is mine, madame. No, chops are always cutlets in French, I be-The waiter pours more wine and serves two small broiled chickens. She looks them over tenderly.

each other and had to part."
"They are not parted, you notice. They are united even in death. To your eyes!" "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
They both laughed so exuberantly that

such evidence?

"Yes, the more I think of it the more I appreciate the thoughtful consideration of the shopkeepers over there. I bought all my things at one establishment last summer, and the firm's name was on every new article I owned. They gave me a receipted bill for £19 19s 1P4d, or \$199.98. Wasn't it dear of them?" the waiter raises his eyebrows a sixteenth of an inch and keeps them there. "How can we laugh so?" she asks, reproachfully; "but, oh, Harry, I've thought

# f something funny. This is a most un-conventional dinner, isn't it?"

Why, look. Even the broud chickens ave their legs crossed?"
They look into each other's eyes across to table as they tough their glasses rims.
The waiter's shoulders undulate deli-

Life is so short, isn't it. Harry?" 'And the other thing so beastly long



Dress of ecru linen, with the lower art of the sleeves and corselet of Eng-ish embroidery. The shoulders are enireled with a Marie Antoinette fichu of

But we're alive tonight, as the verse "Let us forget tomorrow."

"It never is, you know."
"That's too Henry James for me. Never Tomorrow; it's always today, don't you

# China Painters Wanted.

Women Artists Could Make a Fortune at These Mills.

The big, picturesque pot and tile kilns of Trenton, N. J., afford exceptionally well paid labor to a large proportion of the working population of that city, says the "New York Herald." It is hard to conceive of a more happy or contented lot of people than the mea and women who lend brain and brawn to the making of a tea cup or a storied hearth tile-designers, mold makers, and casters, engravers and printers, and carvers, burnishers, gilders, decorators-each happy in his or her peculiar skill and cunning to transform a once homely clod of clay into a thing of It is in the decorating departments,

use or of beauty. burnishing rooms, and gilding rooms that women's work plays its greatest role in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain and tile. Although women seem to be, and are by every tradition of their sex, especially adapted for china decorating work, it is a fact that the Ceramic Art Works are just now without one woman flower painter-not because they do not want women painters, not because there is not a great deal of fine work to do, but because they cannot get good women flower painters.

"All women can paint china more or less well," said Mr. Walter Lenox, "or, at least, all women think they can paint china, but the trouble is they won't give it the time and attention as a life work that a man does.

"Now, a first-class woman artist can make \$50 a week at china, and have her own hours. There is every opportunity in the world for a talented flower painter. The trouble with a woman artist in ceramics is that invariably as soon as she begins to turn out really artistic work and earn a good salary she makes the mistake of getting married.

"The painting of high class art porcelain must be, one might say, entirely inspirational. Marriage and the cares of home seem in almost every case to tend to destroy the ability for inspirational work. We have had girls come back to The waiter pours again.

"And after this, what?"

"Salad, I think, and cheese."

"Oh," she pouts. "I don't mean that. I mean when we say 'Good-bye." Did you order a mayonnaise?"

"She waiter pours again.

"I salad, I think, and cheese."

"Oh," she pouts. "I don't mean that. I mean when we say 'Good-bye." Did you order a mayonnaise?"

"The cabinets of the us after several years of married life prove that the charm and originality of

The cabinets of the Ceramic Art Works are filled with gems of painted porcelain and carved Parian, all the work of women who have either given up art for marriage or who have accepted po-sitions even more re-munerative as in-structors in schools of

art and design.

In the tile works and in those factories where the more common pottery is turned out, and where the requirements for high art are not quite so exacting, women and girls work by the hundreds with paint brushes and gilding sticks, or in the more mechanical work of transferring decora-tions from printed tissue paper patterns.

But even in its most simple phases, the decoration of pottery is an art of the most in-finite restrictions and uncertainties, but of never failing fascination. Each printer in the mechanical decorating room has three girls under his super-vision, and as he prints the design from an engraved copper tice cuts the transferred wreaths and sprigs and nosegays rom the tissue paper

The next girl at the table claps the proper piece on to the cup and saucer and plate. a brush and soft soap. rubs the impression thoroughly into the smooth surface, and then the ware is hurand paint brushes, "fill in" the flowers and leaves with their

proper colors. Although in the ordinary pottery there is no freehand drawing, there is every opportunity for the exercise of native artistic ability. Few, if any, cise of native artistic ability. Few, if any, of these girl decorators, who make an average salary of \$15 per week at this light and pleasant employment, know the first principle of technical art. The most

of them begin as apprentices when they are little girls.

It is a wholesome sight to watch a hundred or more girls painting flowers on cups and saucers and platters, as if their very lives depended upon just the right shading of a rose or the proper twist of a vine. There is always and everywhere displayed a strong incentive and a flerce rivalry to excel, without which any work, ofter all must become



Pretty tollet for the Grand Prix, made of black chantilly tulle over slik and white muslin. The skirt and corsage are ornamented with applications of pompadour garlands, made of mousseline de sole and in relief. The waistband is of sliver braid, with long tulle ends.

every one of its processes a science as well as an art, or, rather, a complexity of arts and sciences—arts teeming with witcheraft, sciences rife with mysticism.

# Women as College Deans.

The appointments recently of four women to posts of responsibility as deans in leading women's colleges are a pleasant reminder of the advance that women are constantly making in higher educational service.

Just as the number of women students in colleges has increased annually, keeping pace with the decrease of popular disapproval, so the proportion in numbers and in power of women educators in higher institutions has been steadily moving forward. In foreign countries, as in the United States, teaching was the first profession to admit women. The universities of Sweden, Italy, and Switzerland have employed women n positions of authority as instructors. Many professorships in colleges and universities of the United States, representing every phase of scholarship, from ancient languages to modern science and from literature to engineering, are held by women. From these positions as vantage points there is a steady advance toward a higher literature to engineering, are held by women. From these positions as vantage points there is a steady advance toward a higher literature of advances toward a higher literature of the investment of administrative power and responsibility for women. This is large-ly the outcome, undoubtedly, of the growing conviction that positions of authority and influence in colleges for women must be held by college-bred women of high standing as scholars and of noble char-

acter.

Apropos of this prevailing idea have come the recent appointments of Miss Alice Luce, Ph. D., to the deanship at Oberlin; Miss Ellen Pendleton, M. A., to that at Wellesley; Miss Laura Gill. Ph. D., to Barnard, and Miss Annie Crosby Emery, Ph. D., to the women's department of Brown University.

It is a fact which may have some inried away to the next
room, where bundreds
of girls, with pallettes
and paint brushes,
are all of New England birth, and with one exception have had their academic training in this section of the country. Each one is distinguished for something more than erudition—the essential quali-ties of heart and soul which constitute the instructor, the guide, philosopher, and friend of her pupils and the powers of administration which enable her to plan and supervise broad and responsible enterprises. (nly one had previously occupied the post of dean.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Crimsonbeak-"Well, I see that Englishman has got his Gainsborough back after twenty years." Mrs. Crimsonbeak-"I shouldn't think

after all, must become in time mere drudgery. Possibly it is that alone, that incentive to excellence, that the fietile art offers to all its followers, which makes the potters a peculiarly happy and contented and prosperous people.

The making of a tea cup is in each and

### What He Thought of Us. Women Found a Friend in Sir Wal-

ter Besant's Pen.

Sir Walter Besant was a friend of woman-modern, educated, bread-winning woman-as well as a novelist of note and an admirer of Americans. For several years, and up to a few months ago, he wrote a weekly article for the "Queen," in which he expressed his views on grany subjects and exposed the shams and injustices of various kinds that came within his ken. Persons who advertised for poor gentlewomen to do extraordinary work for extraordinarily little pay, begging-letter writers, frauds, and imposters of all kinds were held up to scorn and publicity in Sir Walter's weekly column. It was all done in his own calm, unimpas-

observation and bright glimpses of books and travel, as well as expositions of impostures and hypocrisy.

One of Sir Walter's American ideas was that the girls of a family were entitled to more consideration and foresight on the part of their parents than the boys. The old idea of giving the eldest son the lion's share (which accounts for the numbers of poor gentlewomen in England, whose elder brothers are not obliged to work, although their sisters struggle along as governesses, etc.), was a worn-out convention to Sir Walter. He wrote coase-lessly on the subject of "endowing the daughter" by purchasing life insurance policies when she was young and putting aside so much each year for her, so that aside so much each year for her, so that when her governessing or teaching days were over she would not be forced to live on charity or die of starvation. In one of these pleas for the endowment of the daughter he said he had received several letters from parents who did not seem to like the idea of depriving themselves of even a few shillings a month in order to insure the daughter's independence when too old or too worn out to work. One of these correspondents said: "Do you practice what you preach? Have you done for your daughters what you want others to do?" And Sir Walter answered simply: "I have."

"I have."
One day last autumn he found a list of "lucky stones." Women were advised not to wear tiaras of pearls (which Sir Walter found hard to believe could be unlucky) and everyone was adjured to wear a moonstone if he would have good fortune. The novelist hoped—in brackets—that moonstones "being so necessary, were not very expensive." His article was whimsical and amusing and one of his regular readers in New York wrote him a letter thanking him for the diversion he had afforded her and sent him a moonstone, adding, by way of a joke, that he had omitted to tell his English readers that the stone was also a symbol of a happy marriage. In a short time the frivolous New Yorker received the following gracious letter from the novelist: I have lowing gracious letter from the novelist:

"Frognal End, Hampstead, N. W., January 23, 1901. "Dear Madam—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, your letter of the 5th, which only reached me yesterday. I am like all literary men, for whom the flattery cannot be laid on too thick. At the same time I am really glad to know that my weekly talks have made friends for me across the Atlantic.

"I have also received the wonstone

me across the Atlantic.

"I have also received the monstone, which I shall certainly regard as a lucky stone, and since it is a symbol of a happy marriage, I shall have it put into a ring and give it to my wife. We had our silver wedding two years ago, and we have four children grown up, so that it has been a happy marriage, and your moonstone shall be a symbol of unturned happiness to the appointed end.

"I remain, dear madam, with best wishes for your own happiness very wishes for your own happiness, very faithfully yours, "WALTER BESANT."

## Her Fortune in a Tub.

Mrs. A. A. Klopfy, of Atchison, Kan., is not only engaged in a very unusual business for a woman, but one that is fast winning her a fortune, says the "St. Louis Republic." She is an artistic laundress of lace curtains and bedspreads and fine table linen. Commencing the business a few years ago the excellence of her work soon commended itself to the public, and it has now grown to such proportions that she and her sister, Mrs. Jennie Roth, who assists in the work, have all they can attended to in this line. During the first year she was engaged in this work Mrs. Klopf washed and ironed 1% curtains, receiving 30 cents a pair for them. Last year she laundered 3,000 curtains, and so far this year she has already washed and ironed over 2,000 curtains. Her fame is so widespread that curtains are sent to her from Topeka, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Effingham, Doniphan, and Netawaka. Mrg. Klopf and sister have washed and dried as many as 100 lace curtains in one day, but the average number is fifty. In addition to the laundering of curtains, the rarest of old laces, the daintiest of centrepieces, doilies, and lunch cloths in countless numbers are the best housewives in Atchison and neighboring towns. After washing the fabrics with a galvanic soap they are put upon an upright stretcher and exposed to the rays of the sun, after which they are ironed upon a heavy pad, thus bringing out the figures very distinctly. and her sister, Mrs. Jennie Roth, who

### Her French a Bit Mixed. "Did you hear what Judy Gibbs said?"

'No: what was it? "No; what was H?"
"She said the new bride next door to
them has the most elegant repertoire of
shirt waists she ever saw,"—Chicago Re-



name is derived from the Bohemian word pulks, which means "half," and refers to the hitch, balf step, or kick characteristic of the dance.

The polka danced by a Bohemian ballet master in the Odeon Theatre in Paris in 1840 soon became the fashionable society dance in Paris and eigewhere. Such was



and that we are—"
"Up against it!"
"And don't have things come true till we are through dinner! It's a lovely idea!
And it was a lovely dinner. You're not half had, Harry, do you know it!"
"Oh, I don't court on this scheme. The idea is your—and the dinner was Philippe's!" ippe's."
"It's ours, now, Harry. Ha! ha! ha! It was more fun than a mothers' meeting. You'd have been a splendid actor."
"I'd never get any higher than supporting the leading lady. Here?"
"Ha! ha! ha! Give me a light, Harry, and tell him-"
Through the top of the cab-"Home!"-New York Sun

They enter the hansom. She leans back laughing luxuriously.
"And we're not a bit bored with each

other. I tell you it is a magnificent idea! We're just like a couple of \_\_\_\_\_\_ "Like a couple of damn fools, if you ask me!"

ask me!"

He strikes a match and lowers his het brim to light a cigarette, his voice a trifle frritable, but his eyes smiling.

"Not at all. It's a clever and scientific idea. If all married people would cele-

brate their wedding anniversaries in that

way, they wouldn't get tired of each other so soon. Then it's such a joke on the waiter. Did you notice his eyes?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We just drift off and forget we're mar-ried and play things have all gone wrong and that we are—"

and that we are-

An Impartial Woman, "This is the grave of the most impartial woman on record," said the guide in Cave Hill Cemetery to a party who visited the beautiful cemetery the other day. "Away over that second knoll there is a lot containing only two graves, and the headstone of each is marked 'Father. "The woman who is buried here was

married twice, and the two graves in that lot are the graves of her two husbands. She tried her best to treat her second husband as she did the first, and even when he died she had no idea of showing any preference. But she was sick when the funeral service of her second hus-band was held. She directed that the partner of her second matrimohial ven-ture be laid by the side of the first, but the transfer was here to be the side of the first.

ture be laid by the side of the first, but that enough space be left to bury her between the two.

"By some hook or crook a mistake was made, and when she visited the cemetery she found that they were buried side by side, with no space between.

"Well, sir, she didn't know what to do. She argued that if she should be buried by the wide of her first husband it would not be fair to the memory of her last spouse, and vice versa. What did she do? Why, when she died she left a request that she be buried in another lot, away from both of them. And it was heeded."—Somerville Courier-Journal.

The Moonstruck Maid Science has proved that moonlight is more fatal to the complexion than the sur in his splendor, and they are now selling in Paris little moonshades made of a double thickness of mousseline de soie



Dress of white muslin, made up in narrow shirt pleats and incrusted with them has the shallons of lace. The waistbond is of gold passementerie. The front is left loose, ord-Herald. with a light fringe, the handles of which fold back like those of the marquises of medallions of lace. The waist like that of an empire dress,